

UP-TO-DATE
AND NEWSYR. Edgren's
COLUMN

McFarland-Welsh and Clabby-Gibbons Are Two Possible Combinations for the "Biggest Show" This Fall.

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THESE are two possible combinations for the "biggest show" this fall. One is McFarland-Welsh-Pecky having challenged. The other is Clabby-Gibbons. Mike says that he is willing to meet any middleweight in the world, and that he won't waste time signing articles whenever a good purse and a good match come together. He bars nobody.

Jimmy Clabby is the one man to fight Gibbons now. Mike is a wonderfully fast and clever boxer, with a good punch. Clabby hasn't as much of a punch, but he has as much cleverness as anybody, and plenty of fighting aggressiveness to make his clever work interesting.

Just as a sample of the way Clabby can fight, here are a few lines from the San Francisco Bulletin sporting pages, printed under the headline: "Clabby demonstrates that he is one of the real winners of the ring."

"With the idea well in mind that one could punch from his opponent would spell for him disaster and deprive him of the championship, the Indiana took chances that at times made him appear reckless, and on each occasion he emerged with just a little to spare in his favor."

The kind of game Chip went up against was aptly described: "Everywhere Chip put his face he found a boxing glove." Chip was dangerous, but he couldn't connect. Clabby was the wriggle and too fast to be hit. The long range punches, which are most dangerous ones, he easily dodged, dodged or smothered, and in the clinches he used his snake-like arms to slam Chip from all sorts of angles.

Clabby's best round was the sixteenth, when he came within a shade of winning with a knockout. In the middle of the round Clabby started toward the ropes, and as the New-Yorker man's head touched the hemp Jimmy let fly a left hook which landed on Clabby's jaw. The New-Yorker man's head dropped forward, and as it did so Clabby let go a right which landed just behind the ear. "Well, George," he yelled, "you can't beat me!" And George held hold—he held so tightly that Clabby's pink skin was streaked with white when he let go. The going really saved Clabby, for when George was tottering around the ring like a drunken sailor with the ever busy Clabby vainly trying to find an opening through which he could slip the finishing punch.

THE description of the finish of the Clabby-Gibbons championship fight is interesting because it shows that sportsmanship shows in ring affairs as well as in the most gentle of sports.

"You were the 1st man to fight, Jimmy," said Chip as he reached up and shook the hand held aloft by referee Selig.

"Thank you, George," replied Clabby. "You're a good game fellow, and you'll whip any man you hit."

"No hard feelings," asked Chip. "Nary a one," said James. And the two middleweights, one highly elated, the other heavily disappointed, turned and walked out of the ring.

Here's a letter from a sport fan who evidently thinks Yale has a chance next Saturday:

"The prophets and all the seventh sons of seventh sons are saying that Harvard will wipe up the gridiron with the poor little boys from New Haven. Yes, verily, come on—don't let them again, maybe not quite so much as at first sight appears."

I am reminded of what Harry Kaiser said to me at Foughtenhook a many years ago, in fact, it was the year Harvard and Yale entered the intercollegiate regatta—and never came back. Harry, an all round football fan, remember, was a quarterback and captain of one of the best teams that ever grew at New Haven. At the time of our talk he was "covering" sporting news for the world, and was working together.

"Who is going to win the big game?" I asked him.

"Lord, I haven't the least idea," Harry replied. "All I know is that Yale is going to lick Harvard."

"But Harvard has a faster crew," I said.

"Oh, that's all right," Harry answered. "They are welcome to all the speed they like; but our fellows will beat 'em. I don't know anything about rowing, but I know my boat 'em."

"How can you say that?" I asked.

"Because Harvard's crew is a better crew," Harry said. "I know they'll win, for they always do when we get in a tight corner. You'll see."

Yale's eight did beat Harvard's speed team length in that race, and that was a real victory, in any sense. But it will be a pretty study in psychology if a crew on the field Saturday morning, the theory, of the day, is that Yale will win.

BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

EDITED BY
ROBERT EDGREN

Brickley May Get His Chance to Do for Harvard What Hart Did for Princeton

Star Kicker's Services May Be Needed in Next Saturday's Conflict With Yale at New Haven.

By William Abbott.

WILLIAM Charles Brickley, convalescing from appendicitis, has his greatest wish gratified Saturday by going in and beating the Bulldogs and thus electrifying 75,000 at the new Yale "bowl." The stocky Harvard captain, anxious to show he had regained his former strength and kicking ability, begged for a chance to play against Brown last Saturday, but was persuaded not to take needless risks.

The Yale battle will be a different matter. Harvard has seen the power of the Blue this year and realizes it must utilize every faculty to defeat the ferocious Bulldogs and win another football championship. Knowing the hard task that confronts his team, Brickley insists that he be allowed to go in against Yale—at least to shoot over a couple of goals. He is willing to assume all personal risks. The Crimson coaches, remembering how Brickley, single-handed, defeated both Princeton and Yale in 1913, will probably allow the Crimson leader to play Saturday, though it was just about a month ago he was operated on for appendicitis. What if Brickley should go into the field next Saturday and play a few weeks after he had been operated on for appendicitis? Need all the activities of civilization stop on that account, while wise critics call the young man hard names, accuse him of vanity, hunger for the limelight, &c.?

No one who knows Brickley, even by reputation, can imagine for one moment that vanity is ever his inspiration. He is an especially sane and well balanced young fellow, whose ruling wish at this moment is to help Harvard beat all the other football teams. This task demands the utmost power that Harvard can put forth. A large part of this power lies in the Brickley brain and the Brickley toe, to say nothing of how much better his legs will fight with him in every play. True, if he plays, some mishap may reopen the imperforate wound of his appendicitis, with dangerous consequences to his welfare; but what of that? It is his body that he risks, and if there is no one dependent on him, all fair minds will agree that he has the right to do what he wills with his own—especially to help the cause to which his every energy is pledged.

Remember Eddie Hart and what he did for Princeton in 1911? The most eminent surgeons at Johns Hopkins X-rayed his neck from many angles and declared that one of the cervical vertebrae was cracked and one more hard tackle might easily end his life. But Eddie Hart had promised to play football as much and as well as he could, and he had no thought of quitting. He simply had a great helmet made of leather and steel, and played the best games of his life.

Columbia men will never forget William McKelham, whom most of us know chiefly as an uncommonly able referee at New London. In his day he rowed and played football. Having injured

his leg at football, he was warned the following spring that the heavy strain of a four-mile race might lame him for life. The crew needed him. Did he hesitate? No one who knows McKelham could ask that as a real question. He calmly took his old place in the boat, rowed the hardest race of his life—and ever since he has lifted out of the boat he has been lame; he who was one of the finest athletes Columbia ever knew. Yet he has his reward; for he has the satisfaction of duty done to the utmost. And there isn't a man who knows him that doesn't take off his hat to him.

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If He Does, the Treat of the Season Is in Store for the 75,000 Expected in New Yale Bowl.

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Harvard's Big Star and Blue's Great Football Stadium

AMATEURS MAY NOW COMPETE IN SAME MEETS WITH "PROS"

A. A. U. Votes to Allow Women Swimmers to Appear in Meets With Men.

Two important rules were passed by the Amateur Athletic Union delegates at their annual session here. They are the one allowing amateurs to compete in the same meets with professionals, and the other which allows women swimmers to compete among themselves at meets in which men take part.

"Pros" would be allowed to compete among amateurs, but the "pros" may compete among themselves before or after the amateurs have finished their events.

Alfred J. Lill was re-elected President and Frederick R. Butler, of the city, was selected to fill the Secretary-Treasurer job left vacant by James E. Sullivan's death.

The Union gave the Army and Navy athletes a jolt when they rejected a proposed rule which would permit athletes attending West Point and Annapolis to compete against registered athletes without their selves being registered. Like other athletes they must register as amateurs, or all those who compete against them will be disqualified.

The Union had a bad year financially. For the first time in many years it showed a loss.

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Herrmann Should State Result of the Negotiations With Feds

Public Getting Tired Waiting to Find Out What Agreement O. B. Has Reached With Outlaws.

By Roseman Bulger.

IF Garry Herrmann waits much longer to give out that statement concerning the peace pact with the Federal League, the fans are going to forget what it was all about. There are times when even a baseball magnate can overplay his hand in trying to remain mysterious for purposes of publicity. There is not a chance of stringing the story out until the meeting here Dec. 8, so Garry had better come through or the scribes will be flat on their backs.

As a matter of fact, this thing of stalling along about the Federal League is getting altogether too tiresome to be of interest. There appears to be no good reason why the magnates should not come out in the open, state their position and have it over with. It certainly would not hurt them with the public. There are times when secrecy is necessary to the completing of a trade of players, but certainly no harm can be done by Herrmann making public the result of his negotiations with the outlaws.

In baseball circles it is being said that the deal with the Federal League was put through more than a week ago, and that there is a definite understanding between the two forces. If that be true, the public—the old crowd who pays the freight—is getting the worst of it both ways. If these magnates are endeavoring to attract more attention to the grand old pastime by keeping under cover, they are in a fair way to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Mr. Herrmann has promised to tell us all about it this week, but he had better hurry or organized baseball as well as the Feds will be without an audience.

Edward Barrow, President of the International League, who has just returned from the minor league meeting at Omaha, sees nothing particularly bright in the baseball outlook. Mr. Barrow makes no bones of admitting that the Federal League has done his organization much harm, and he realizes the necessity of a working agreement, but, he says, he says nothing has been done that will relieve the situation. If the Federal League is absorbed by the International League, or vice versa, it will be impossible for either of them to take care of the many players who have been signed at big salaries. That is a phase of the situation that worries Mr. Barrow.

The baseball writers' union has worked for two months without complaining in selling the Cubs, the Highlanders and the Dodgers, but they flatly refused to go an inch further yesterday when some one at the slinky race passed the word that the Jersey City club was on the market. That was asking too much.

The Wards proved themselves gluttons for punishment—the real Joe Grimms of baseball—when in a public statement they declared that they are opposed to peace right now and would prefer to have the Feds start in and shoot a fresh bank roll beginning April next.

If things don't stop pretty soon some wonderful records will be made in baseball salesmanship this winter. Two business men uptown—men who don't have to think up such things for the Wards before noon yesterday.

Peace may come and players may return, but you can go and bet that Mike Doolin will not return to the Phillies as long as President Baker is at the head.

"Kaiser is so full of pep that I don't think he ever will get tired. Usually after the first twenty hours of racing a six-day rider begins to feel as if he wants to go home and sleep. That is the time your muscles begin to ache. But the kid doesn't want to get off the track. He wants to be in every spring."

Kaiser showed what he is made of early yesterday morning when several teams were lapped. Moran and McNamara and Jackie Clark and his partner started a sprint that was kept up for fifteen minutes. Their plan was to wear down Kaiser. But the veteran never could shake the young Bronxite. He relieved Cameron every time there was danger and finally the big teams gave up the sprint.

Kaiser and Cameron are members of the Acme Cycle Club of the Bronx. It is the only real local team in the race, and there is always an enthusiastic crowd on hand to cheer for the boys.

Seres and Dupuy attract a lot of attention, as do all the other Frenchmen. All these men have been in the war and can relate many interesting happenings. Seres was at the front early in the conflict and was struck during the battle of Rheims, but it left him as bald as a babe. Parent had to quit the race early yesterday. A gunshot wound received during the battle of Rheims had not entirely healed and the hard riding the first twelve hours caused him great pain. The official surgeon would not permit him to continue.

Linat had an exciting experience trying to reach these shores to take part in the race. He is a Belgian and was rejected because of a deformed wrist. The trigger finger of his right hand was also out of gear. Linat was in Antwerp when the Germans

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